

THE BROADCASTER

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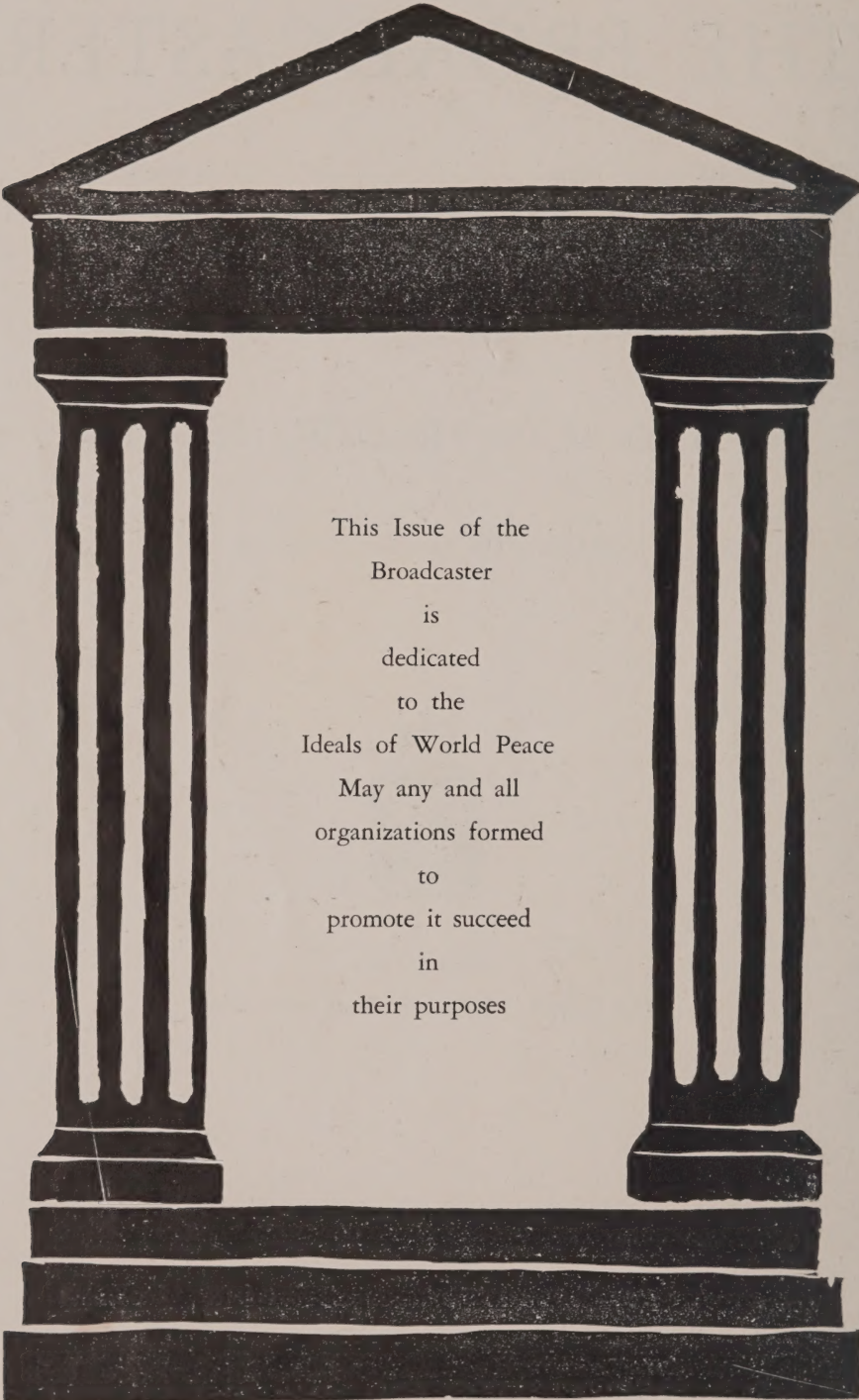
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This Issue of the
Broadcaster
is
dedicated
to the
Ideals of World Peace
May any and all
organizations formed
to
promote it succeed
in
their purposes

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Know Your Faculty

MISS RUTH T. CORNELL

Greta Jensen, '46

WHEN SCHOOL opened in September, pupils and teachers alike were glad to welcome Miss Ruth Cornell as a new member of the Henry W. Hall School faculty. She has classes in English.

Miss Cornell was born in Boston. When she was six years old her family moved to Needham, Mass., where she grew up and was graduated from Needham High School. Miss Cornell attended Mount Holyoke College and Boston University.

She has traveled to Yellowstone Park and throughout the West. Miss Cornell has visited Cape Cod for many summers, so she is quite familiar with it.

Miss Cornell's favorite sports are swimming and sailing and her hobbies are knitting and reading.

I know we all join in wishing Miss Cornell a very successful teaching career in the Henry W. Hall School.



MISS FRANCES M. WILLIAMS

Greta Jensen, '46

MISS WILLIAMS, a newcomer to our faculty, was born in Rockland, Mass., but grew up and was educated in our home town, Falmouth. She was graduated from Lawrence High School and went to the Hyannis Teachers' College. After this she was at the Oceanographic in Woods Hole for one and one-half years. Last year Miss Williams taught school in Hampton, New Hampshire. She now teaches eighth grade mathematics in the Henry W. Hall School.

Miss Williams has traveled to Washington, D. C., and to Oklahoma and other states. Her favorite sport is sailing and her hobby, knitting.

I am sure that the pupils and the faculty wish Miss Williams a happy and successful future in teaching at the Henry W. Hall School.

MR. DAVID W. DIMMOCK

Greta Jensen, '46

MR. DIMMOCK, the popular teacher in Room 8, was born on Cape Cod with, as the saying goes, "sand in his ears," in the town of Pocasset. His ancestors have been on the Cape for about 300 years. Mr. Dimmock was graduated from Middleboro High School and then studied in the Worcester Polytechnic Institute.

Mr. Dimmock was in the West for several years and in Worcester as a mechanical engineer with the Worthington Pump Company.

Mr. Dimmock then came to Falmouth where he was manager of the Washburn Grain Company for a number of years. After leaving this position he started a dairy and poultry farm in Hatchville. Mr. Dimmock named his farm "Hunky Dory," meaning everything is O.K. He was formerly president of the Cape Cod Farm Bureau for two years and still participates in many agricultural activities. Although Mr. Dimmock now teaches school he still continues his farming and has a farm, that is practically a zoo, consisting of cows, calves, goats, chickens, rabbits, cats and a dog.



MR. JOHN B. QUICK

Doris Fisher, '46

WE welcome to the Henry Ward Hall school, Mr. John B. Quick who was born and lived in Teranak, Nebraska. He taught in Shigglehouse, Penn., and Waverly, N. Y.

Mr. Quick was a captain in the Army for three and a half years and served twenty-three months overseas. He saw many countries which were England, France, Belgium, Holland, and Germany.

Mr. Quick's hobby is woodwork and his favorite sport is football.

In this school Mr. Quick teaches math and social studies.

EDITORIALS

Abraham Lincoln

Marjorie Sisson, '47

IT is perhaps difficult to know which of the two men, George Washington or Abraham Lincoln, was the greater. In my mind, however, Abraham Lincoln seems more wonderful and human for there are not many who could reach the high goal of president when starting out as "Honest Abe" did. For it was certainly a cold and comfortless way of beginning life to be born in a log cabin, especially when it was winter time, and the cabin had no door to keep out the cold and no windows to let in the light. A man could hardly have started life in a poorer home than that little log cabin in the barren and desolate wilderness in the State of Kentucky, where Abe first opened his eyes to a strange exciting world on February 12, 1809.

Abraham certainly was an awkward looking boy, for his long legs were all out of proportion for his body and he was so tall he might have been compared to a maypole. When people asked young "Abe" what he intended to be as a man he would reply "I am going to be the President of the United States." All the folks would laugh and make a great joke out of it thinking, how can this tall, ungainly boy dressed in queer and shabby clothes ever help to rule the nation. But little did they know that in a little more than forty years afterward the whole world would be mourning the loss of Abraham Lincoln,

the noblest president America had had since George Washington.

Perhaps we can picture Lincoln as a tall, spindly boy in a limp, linsey-woolsey suit trudging to school barefoot, or perhaps in later years a gawky and lanky store clerk stretched out on the counter studying grammar, as Abe had always loved books, but perhaps most clearly in our mind remains the picture of a tired and war worn President calmly enjoying a play when he is suddenly shot down in the moment of victory and restored peace.

But no matter how we picture Lincoln it will always be remembered by the American people how this man rose from obscurity to one of the greatest places in history. How he fought to preserve the Union and free the slave. His tragic end hardly seems a fitting reward for the things he did for his country, but always wonderful memories of him will remain in the hearts of the men of his country, America, a country having a government "of the people, by the people, and for the people."

The Answer

Nancy Clark, '46

JIM HELD HIS gun tight, with his fingers on the trigger. "One second—two seconds—Now!" He pulled the trigger, and a flash of gun fire fled into space. A body fell to the ground, dead.

As he crouched down, to refill his gun, he was aware of a sickly kind of feeling

within him. Thoughts raced through Jim's mind: "I always was a peace-loving boy—never harmed anyone—always wanted to do right!!! Am I doing right now? Am I? Here I am, holding a gun—I was the one who pulled the trigger, and I killed, actually killed a human being! I didn't want to do it, but I did. Why? Why?!"

As if in answer to Jim's questioned thoughts, Hank, his pal, fell limply to the ground beside him. Hank! his pal, who always laughed, and took the same pain of hurt, with Jim. His Pal!

Suddenly Jim awoke from the dark pit of questions within him, and the sickly feeling left him. He stood up, and with a determined look on his face, lifted his weapon. "So it's either me or you, huh? It was Hank a minute ago, but it's not going to be me now! No, not me!"

A flash of gun fire sped out into space. A body crumpled into the brush—Dead! One less Jap!

Hope for a Peaceful World

James Cowart, '47

WE HAVE JUST been through a great war, a horrible war! Now we have the difficult problem of creating a peaceful world. The countries that started this war, Germany, Italy, and Japan, have taught their children that cruelty and force lead to world domination.

These countries overran smaller countries, and destroyed many famous things, and committed mass murder of men, women, and children. They destroyed renowned churches, ancient cities, and many historical monuments and places. They also stole many famous paintings and statues.

These conquered people were subjected to all forms of torture. They had to watch their homes and cities burned down before their very eyes. The work, dreams, and hopes of millions of people were destroyed by these three nations, bent on world domination. Bombs rained destruction on their

lands. Then the axis soldiers came and pillaged all that was before them.

The present generation of these axis countries was brought up to believe in aggression, and world domination. They conquered smaller countries only by gross cruelty, and by means of force. It is now our job to re-educate them. They should be taught Christianity, what a democratic form of government is, and most of all good will towards their fellow man. If these things can be taught them successfully, we may have hopes that the children of my generation may look forward to security and peace in my country, and in all of the other countries throughout the world.

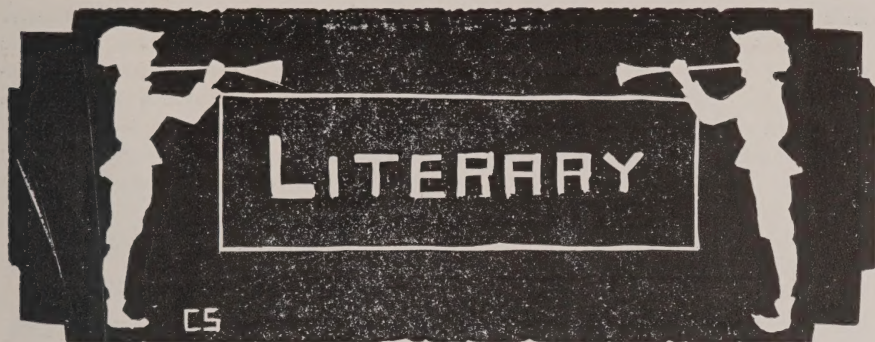
Home

Sandra Ofstrock, '46

A LARGE TROOPSHIP nosed her silent way through the foggy waters and finally came in sight of land. A tremendous cheer arose from the decks of the stalwart ship, whose exterior showed of the rough and stormy passage. On it went, until tall and short buildings were faintly outlined against the foggy background. Then suddenly, a ray of sunlight shone through the fog and seemed to point to one place, as if pointing it out to those on board the boat. The passengers strained their eyes to see where it had landed. Then, as if all were struck dumb, silence reigned. For there on the Statue of Liberty's torch the sunbeam shone, giving it light with which to guard our country. They all silently paid homage to the symbol of home. Yes, Johnny Doughboy was home.

Johnny was standing up in English class ready to recite. The teacher said, "Johnny, I want you to give me a sentence with the words defeat, deduct, defense, and detail in it."

After a moment's hesitation, Johnny said, "In jumpin' into the yard de' feet of de' duck went over de' fence before de' tail."



Mrs. Van Smith Entertains

Greta Jensen, '46

A WOMAN IN a violet colored, silk jersey dress walked up the front steps of her brown-stone house. You could tell she was very snobbish for she looked disdainfully at the steps as if they were not good enough for her feet. The lady was about fifty years old and her hair was dyed a bright yellow. She carried a lorgnette with a silver stick to hold it. *She* was Mrs. Van Smith.

Mrs. Van Smith was planning something that would make her the envy of her social set. She was going to entertain an ambassador. My, was she pleased with herself! As she made a tour of inspection throughout the house, she saw that the faucet in the bathroom was leaking and she immediately called a plumber. She must not have a leaky faucet when the ambassador was to be her guest.

About two hours later there was a knock on the door. The butler ushered in a distinguished-looking gentleman carrying a black briefcase. Mrs. Van Smith met him with a flourish. After a successful dinner and evening, he asked if he could be told where the bath was. In about ten minutes Mrs. Van Smith heard a strange tinkering noise and went upstairs to investigate. She found the door wide open and there she saw the "ambassador" with an old pair of overalls on, fixing the leak in the sink.

When she inquired as to what he was doing, he looked up at Mrs. Van Smith with a questioning expression and asked, "Didn't you call for a plumber, ma'm?"

Mrs. Van Smith was mortified and did not want her friends to find out what had happened. She immediately called the Embassy to find out what had happened to the real ambassador. They said that four hours ago he had been picked up by the F.B.I., for he was an ambassador from a very small enemy country. Mrs. Van Smith was terribly insulted and embarrassed. As long as she lived she never spoke of that incident again!



Jim's Evening at Home

Helena Tavares, '46

IT WAS PAST Jim Bently's bedtime; but that did not trouble him. He was lying on the parlor lounge too deeply absorbed in a ghost story to notice the time.

It suddenly dawned on him that this was a favorable time to visit the old haunted house about a mile away and see whether it was haunted, as some people said, or not. This house was said to be haunted by a man who had been murdered.

Jim found himself walking toward the place where the house was.

It was a summer night. The sky was somewhat gloomy and overcast. Still there was a moon, faint, but still a moon.

When Jim arrived at the intended spot his eyes somewhat betrayed his fear. But he could not turn back. There was a

strong feeling in him that made him go on.

The house looked sagging and ugly as it possibly could. Jim opened the door and went in.

The first thing he noticed was the musty smell of an attic full of newspapers and magazines. He also noticed a light. Advancing toward it something struck him!

Jim didn't remember anything else except finding himself back on the parlor lounge with the ghost story book beside him. He had been dreaming. Later, he felt that ghost stories were just a waste of time.

—★—★—★— "He's" Home

Nancy Clark, '46

IT WAS LIKE any ordinary winter day—very cold, with a dark sky overhead. But to Sonnie Livingston, it was a special day.

She had to wait until four o'clock. Oh, it seemed as though four o'clock would never come! To keep herself busy until then, she made sure "his" room was in order, and when passing the bureau, enjoyed looking at the picture on it. It was a lady, kind and good, one who loved her father dearly. Many times, if you could but read Sonnie's mind, she could be heard saying, "If only mother were here!"

Aunt Jane helped Sonnie get into her new dress. "He" always liked rose, and her mother nearly always wore it. Sonnie was the image of her mother, with dark curly hair, beautiful fair skin and sparkling blue eyes.

It was time to go, so she kissed her aunt, got on her golashers and coat, and put her hat on.

Sonnie trudged to the station, almost feeling as though she was sitting on top of the world. She couldn't believe it was true, now that it was about to happen; but when the train pulled in, and a man in his middle thirties stepped off of it, all life within Sonnie was bubbling over with joy. She ran to him, and they embraced. "Oh Daddy, Daddy, I've missed you so!"

Arm and arm Sonnie and her Daddy walked down the road toward Aunt Jane's

house. They had to get acquainted all over again, in order to remember ones likes and dislikes. Yes, for three long years Colonel Livingston had suffered the hardships in a Japanese concentration camp, and for three long years Sonnie spent, being ever so lonely for her father, praying to God for his safe return.

—★—★—★— A Sparkling Bed of Colors

Priscilla Jennings, '46

AN IMPRESSIVE sight which we saw while on our vacation was a beautiful garden. The sun was shining brightly and the flowers gleamed. There were dazzling golden marigolds and sky-blue bachelor buttons with their petals stretched out as far as they possibly could reach. There we saw asters of all colors—bright red, pale blue, and golden yellow. In the background roses were running up and down a trellis which resembled huge arms stretched out to catch them and help them up. To add a last beautifying touch to the garden was honeysuckle of delicate yellow and fresh green ferns growing in among it, which looked like feathers blowing around in the wind. Nothing could be more beautiful than this lovely bed of flowers shining brightly, with all colors of the rainbow.

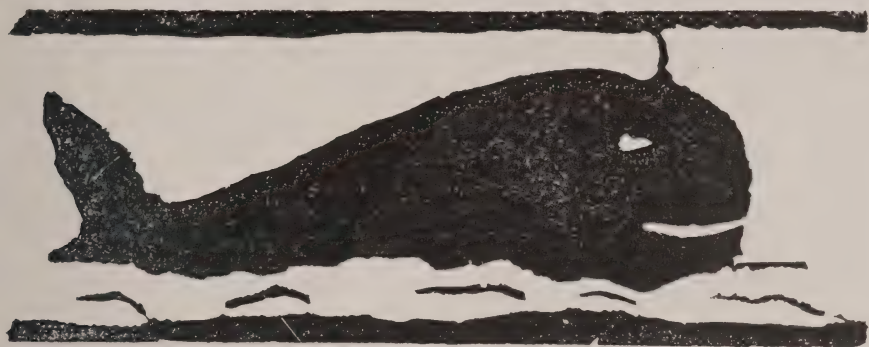
—★—★—★— Cape Cod Winter

Marciana Fonseca, '46

WHEN I GOT up one morn,
Just before the break of dawn,
I saw up in a nearby tree
A little brownish Chick-a-dee.

He looked at me as if to say,
"The weather here is not like May,"
And out as far as I could see
The snow had covered every tree.

If you should glance outside today
It really does resemble May,
But I'll remember that snowy morn,
Just before the break of dawn.



WHALING—A ONE TIME CAPE INDUSTRY

Editor's Note. The 7-1 division has made a special study of whaling in connection with work in English and Geography. As a result several interesting and informative points about whaling in general and the place of Falmouth in this lucrative and colorful occupation were brought to light. While the articles which follow do not pretend to add to the store of knowledge on this industry your editor feels they should be interesting to the Broadcaster readers.



"There She Blows!"

Swift Lawrence, '48

WHALING TRIPS were dangerous adventures when old New Englanders started out on three to five year voyages. High in the rigging perched a lookout. At the sign of a whale he shouted, "There she blows!" The crew manned their sleek boats and rowed very quickly toward the whale. When they were close to the whale, the harpooner flung the barbed harpoon into the huge creature. The mad whale darted ferociously through the water, then "sounded" or dived to the bottom of the ocean and then came up for air. Soon the harpooner struck a fatal blow. The whale shuddered and died and was

ready to be hauled back to the boat to have its blubber stripped off and tried out for its precious oils.



The Whale Boat

Isabel Rogers, Jocelyn Newell

Claire Nickerson, Jack Clarkin, '48

THE WHALE BOAT was pointed at both ends and could be driven astern as easily as ahead. The floor was made nearly flat so that the crew could turn the boat swiftly and escape the furious attack of a wounded whale. A whale boat's usual length was about twenty-five to thirty feet. Its usual weight, when ready to sail, averaged from five to six hundred pounds.

The boat was manned by a "boat header," a boat steerer, and four oarsmen. The bow oarsman acts as harpooner and has charge of the boat, the stroke oar is "line manager," and watches the whale line while it is running.

On the port bow, beside the gun-bollard head, a small tube is fitted, into which is coiled that part of the whale line known as the "foregoer." The ropes were spliced so they could be attached to other ropes in case the whale should swim to the bottom and the rope was not long enough.

Most whale boats received such rough treatment during the voyages that they were not considered usable for other voyages.

Hunted Monsters of the Deep

Guyon Mersereau, '48

THE WHALE is by far the largest animal alive. They have been known to sink ships, dive with enormous speed to depths which would crush man or any other animal unaided, and live in any climate on this vast earth!

The Baleen whale is one of the largest of whales. Its mouth is equipped with, instead of teeth, a maze of bone which acts as a fish net, catching shrimps, small fish and other minute forms of sea life as the whale swims along open-mouthed. When the mouth is closed, these plates lie flat against it. The gallons of water which have entered the mouth pour out the sides. This monster consumes swarms of these animals each day, yet nothing larger than a sardine could fit down its throat.

The Cachalot or Sperm Whale is about sixty feet long. Its daily diet consists of, mainly, the giant squid that live on the sea bottom, although it will also eat other food when these are not available. These whales have teeth only on the bottom part of their mouth which extends to about one third of its length.

While the herds are forming, they have fierce fights. One of these giants is quite valuable, for they yield spermaceti in very large quantities from a cavity in their head, and ambergris, a very valuable substance used in perfume, which is obtained from the intestines of the diseased whales. Therefore, these whales are slaughtered whenever possible. Their oil was used extensively for lamps and stoves before oil was found in the earth. It was also used during the war in explosives.

The Orca or Killer Whale is a constant menace to any other whale. With its big teeth it can be rivaled only by the sharks. It joins in packs to attack its victims which may be anything from a man to a whale. This killer may attack animals on the ice, also. They swim down quite deep under the ice, shoot up with tremendous speed

and butt their heads against the ice. They can break through three feet of ice. Once the explorer, Shackleton, saved one of his men, just in time, from floating through a break in the ice to a horrible death from killers.

Whales are not fish but mammals, which is proven when they come up to breathe. They let out the foggy air through two holes in the top of their head. They then take a few breaths of air and dive. They can stay under for twenty minutes.

One of these animals can be very friendly if not treated as they are. The "Toronto Saturday Night" reports that a whale once followed a submarine for a long distance making friendly noises to it; but when the submarine didn't seem to care, it swam away about its own business. The whale has also a few more smaller relatives including the playful porpoise and the "magic" narwhale.



Whaling

Philip S. White, '48

"THAR' SHE BLOWS!" shouted the man in the crow's nest. Dick and his father leaned over the rail. There was a giant whale! The biggest Dick had ever seen! Why, it must be eighty feet!

Dick was seventeen years old today. His father had promised him that on his seventeenth birthday he could hunt whales with him.

"Lower away the boat!" came a cry from the other side of the ship.

Dick and his father climbed into the whale boat. The crew rowed out near the whale. Then came the cry to shoot the harpoon. This was the moment Dick had been waiting for. He had been practicing for weeks how to throw a harpoon. He let it fly! It hit the whale in the side! Blind with rage, the whale charged the boat, and missed! The whale slowed down. He had lost too much blood. He died. They dragged him into the ship. Dick had got a whale on his first try!

You can be sure that of all the whales Dick ever caught, he was the most proud of that one.

Whaling Guns

Arthur Faria, '48

HARPOONS ARE used to kill whales. There are some harpoons that you throw with your arm. These have rope tied to them. When the harpoon strikes the whale, the rope is tied to the harpoon. On the harpoon there is a piece of metal sticking out from the side. This piece of metal is sharp and catches in the whale's flesh. Many harpoons are used to kill one whale. If the whale sinks they tie buoys on to the rope. They then hoist the whale on ship by crane.

There are other whale guns. These are on larger and more modern ships. These guns are shot by gunpowder. There are harpoons in these guns. When the guns are fired there is rope tied to them. In the head of the harpoon there are explosives. When the harpoon strikes the whale it explodes, killing or stunning the whale. They then shoot the whale again. They hoist the whale on board ship after killing the whale.

Whaling is a very dangerous job. Many sailors have been hurt or killed whaling. Whales provide us with oil and blubber. They also give us a little ivory.

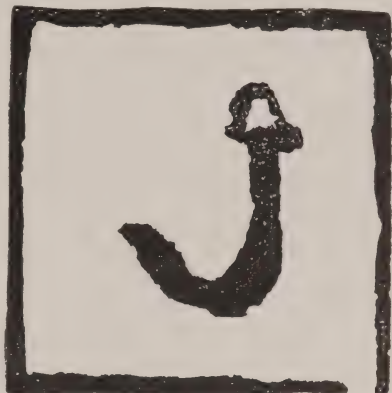


Whaling in the Antarctic

Bette Roberts, '48

FRENCH, DUTCH, and English explorers tried to find out something about the South Pole, but the whalers and sealers were the ones to piece together the knowledge of the Antarctic. They soon discovered the South Shetland and a few other islands.

Many of these whalers were men of fine spirit, touched by the sense of mystery of their calling. They added genuine exploration to the chase of whales and their oils. In the nineteenth century men used oils for lights which they got mostly from whales and seals. Such men were John Biscoe and James Weddell, typical whaling captains who in turn reached the Antarctic in their tough little cockle shell ships.



Whaling in Falmouth

Brenda Bowman, '48

ELIZAH SWIFT was the founder of whaling in Falmouth and was known as the "King Pin." The first whaling account in Falmouth was of the brig "Sarah Herick", which sailed out in 1820 and returned with 300 barrels of oil.

Falmouth's Golden Age of Whaling was between 1820 and 1865, when whales were plentiful around these waters. In the early days watch towers were set up on land and whales were sighted from them.

Captain Charles H. Turner, Falmouth resident, captured the second largest sperm whale in the world. It was captured in 1885 off the coast of St. Helena. The whale rendered 150 barrels of oil!

A favorite yarn is: A wave carried Sol Hamblin off the deck of his whaling ship and the next one that came along set him right back again.

Several men from Falmouth also made whaling their occupation, among whom was my great-great-grandfather, Captain John Tobey. While at sea a heavy cask fell on his foot, causing one-half to be amputated. Whaling is a dangerous job and has caused the death of many men. It also was a very profitable one.

Whale skin is brown in color and thinner than that of a human being. It is so thin that it could be used as tracing paper. Ambergris is another source of whale material which comes only from the sperm-

whale. It is chiefly used for the manufacturing of fine perfumes. It is worth its weight in gold, and sells approximately at 300 dollars per pound.

Whales have a characteristic spout for each species. Whalemen can thus identify the various species at great distances.

Whaling Off Nantucket

Linda Erskine, '48

THE EARLY people of Nantucket and along the New England coast used to keep long boats on shore to push into the water when they saw a whale. If the whale was caught, they got a great amount of oil and whale bone, which was a very rich catch. Whales were very plentiful in these waters. Some whaling ships would go away for three or four years at one time.

Nantucket grew up to be America's chief whaling port. One of Nantucket's whaling vessels was lost off the coast of the Fiji Islands. All the crew were murdered and some probably eaten.

Nantucket used to have a town crier who would stand at the church tower and wait for the whaling ships to come in. When he saw a vessel coming in he would run to the captain's wife to tell her, and she would give him fifty cents or more.

Preparation for the Whaling

Jane Landers, '48

BEFORE STARTING on a whaling voyage, the old whaling men had many things to do to get ready for the voyage. Barrels had to be made and filled with oil. Extra sails and spars, tar, ropes, harpoons to spear the whale, tools, bricks, and paint also had to be made ready. Barrels of beef, pork, flour, bread, sugar, apples, coffee, molasses, and water were stored on the boat too. The voyages sometimes lasted three or more years and so the whalers needed all these supplies.

This is of great interest to me because

our great-grandfather was a whaling captain, Captain William Hathaway of Marion, who sailed out of the great whaling port of New Bedford. He not only sailed on a whaling ship but helped others start on their voyages.

The Food of the Sperm Whale

Norman Allenby, '48

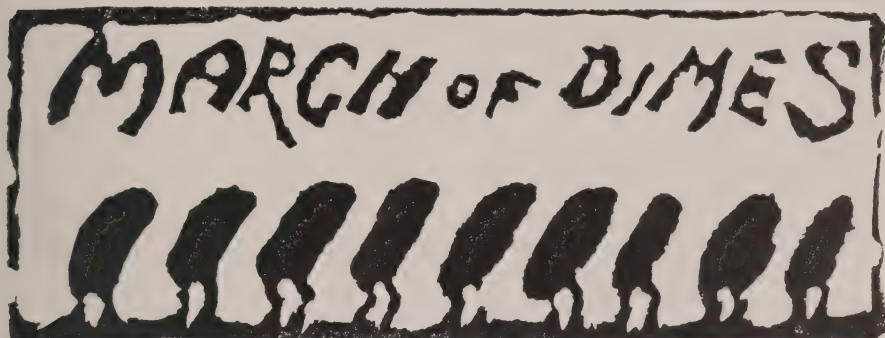
THE FOOD of the sperm whale consists mostly of squid and cuttlefish. The sperm whales seek these fish at the bottom of the ocean. The whale dives to the bottom of the ocean, attacks the squid or cuttlefish, pulls it from its grasp on the bottom, then if it succeeds in killing the squid, the whale chews the squid up into little pieces. The sperm whale has to chew the squid up into little pieces in order to swallow it. This is because it has such a small throat. Sometimes the squid is so small it offers little resistance, while other times the squid kills the whale. Fishermen never dreamt of the size of the squid, till dead ones were found cast upon the shores of Newfoundland. Fishermen have also found dead sperm whales with no sign of injury or disease except the marks of an undersea battle.

Whales

Phyllis Sullivan, '48

AT THE Natural History Museum of London and at the American Museum of Natural History in New York City there are two great wonders, both of them whales. In the museum in London there is a Sibbald's Whale which measures in length about one hundred feet and when alive it must have weighed over one hundred tons. In the New York Museum there is a life-size model of a Sulphur-bottomed whale which is almost the same length.

(Continued on Page 16)



BOOK REPORTS

MEET ME IN ST. LOUIS

By Sally Benson
Ann Thobae, '47

"MEET ME IN ST. LOUIS" is the amusing story of a family, the Smiths, in St. Louis. The time is 1903. The book starts in June of that year and ends in May of 1904. The characters are Tootie, six years old, Agnes, 12, Esther, 16, Lon, 17, and Rose, 18, the son and daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Smith. Kate is their maid and "Granpa" Prophater lives with them. They live in a big, old house and are very comfortable here. Tootie and Agnes are always into something. Tootie is the morbid type and is always giving funerals for her dead paper dolls. Agnes likes art and is a little more grown up than Tootie. Esther and Rose are like all "big sisters", always teasing their younger sisters. Once they took Tootie's favorite doll and left a ransom note for ten, new, crisp, one-dollar-bills. Lon, the only boy, goes away to Princeton, in New Jersey.

Mr. and Mrs. Smith are loads of fun. Mr. Smith almost had the family move to New York, but found out in time how unhappy he'd make them. The "Granpa" is a good, old soul and always comes to the rescue when there is a need for something. The story ends when "Granpa" and Tootie are at the World's Fair together. Lon is there with a girl, introduced to him by Esther and Esther and Rose with West Point cadets. The mother and father are also together.

CLARA BARTON OF THE RED CROSS

By Jeannette Covert Nolan
Frances Irving, '46

THIS STORY tells about the life of Clara Barton from the time she was born, December 25, 1821, until she died, April 12, 1912.

When she was small her father taught her everything about military affairs and politics. He taught her all the ranks of officers.

Her brother got very sick and it was Clara who stayed with him and nursed him.

When she was older she became a school teacher and even built new schools for the poor children so they could go and be taught.

When the war broke out between the North and South, Clara wanted to do something to help. She watched the wounded being unloaded from the trains and she noticed that they needed care very badly. She started an organization called the Red Cross but at first got very little help. She decided the boys needed help at the front and obtaining a pass she administered to their needs.

Everyone remembers Clara Barton—greatest little lady in America.

She died on April 12, 1912, uttering the words "Let me go! Let me go!", the words she heard so many times from the lips of dying soldiers.



MOTHER MASON

By Bess Streeter Aldrich
Natalie Cunha, '46

THIS IS a wholesome story of an average American family.

It is an ideal book for a teen-ager because it deals with the young group and their troubles. You can almost picture that you know Elenor, the unpredictable daughter of Mother Mason, or Junior, Elenor's teen-age brother.

This story has been written in a very easy-to-read print. Although it has only one picture it is told so vividly that it doesn't need any more.

GOOD NIGHT, SWEET PRINCE

By Gene Fowler
Nancy Clark, '46

THE BOOK, "Good Night, Sweet Prince", is about "the life and times of John Barrymore". John Barrymore inherited his great acting from both mother and father, Georgiana Drew and Maurice Barrymore. Gene Fowler, who was a great friend of "Jack" Barrymore, wrote this biography of Barrymore's life.

John Barrymore never wanted to act, but his being out of work drove him to it. He did not make good at first, and his continuous drinking did not help by any means. But finally Barrymore was a hit after he acted in the play called "The Fortune Hunter". From this time on, he had an exciting stage and movie career.

Great actors can not live forever, and Barrymore took his last curtain call on May 29, 1942. Even though he is gone, he is not forgotten.

My personal opinion of Barrymore's life is that he not only acted on the stage, but in his real life. It seemed as though he was always acting in a play, taking an important role among the great actors of his time.

AIR PATROL

By Henry B. Lent
Bruce E. Stewart, Jr., '47

THIS BOOK contains a series of adventures of a young Ensign pilot, Jim Brewster. The story begins with Jim arriving from training station, Pensacola, Florida, at Floyd Bennett Field, Brooklyn, New York. It accompanies Jim through his training at the Coast Guard field, on anchorage patrol, and then sea duty. After Pearl Harbor, Jim went on war duty, and was advanced to the rank of Lt. (j.g.). The book covers Jim's experiences through the most crucial part of the submarine war. The part I like best is the one that on one flight out at sea, Jim sights a freighter about 50 miles off the New Jersey coast, slowly making her way towards land. As he glances downward, he sees a long object sliding through the water towards it. This was the chance he waited for. For the outcome of the story, you will have to read the book. I have found it interesting, and I'm sure you will too.

THE STORY OF A BAD BOY

By Thomas Bailey Aldrich
Helena Tavares, '46

TOM ALDRICH's early years were spent in New Orleans. When he grew older his father decided to send him north to Rivermouth to be educated. The lad violently rebelled, but with the promise of a horse from his father, Tom went.

He was a magnetic boy and as full of mischief as could be; but boys like himself loved him—probably because of his impulsiveness and sincerity.

Tom has many experiences with his friends among which was the burning of an old stage coach on the Fourth of July; (for this the boys spent a night in jail), his boyish love affair, and the saddest of all his experiences, the drowning of his boy companion, Binny Wallace.

This book was enjoyable throughout, as the characters seem lifelike and the story arouses strong feelings of emotion which makes you know that the story is true.

"GENERAL IKE"

By Alden Hatch

Greta Jensen, '46

"GENERAL IKE" is a biography of Dwight D. Eisenhower, written by Alden Hatch. The author tells of "Ike's" parents, birth, childhood, his West Point days, and his Army career up to the present time. One of the chief characters in this book is the General's wife, Marie Geneva Doud Eisenhower, nicknamed "Mamie". The book tells much about their courtship and marriage. The last quarter of the book describes the numerous campaigns and war plans in which General Eisenhower had a part.

I enjoyed this book much more than the usual biography because it was more pleasant to read, and shows the human side of the lives of Eisenhower, his family and friends.

"SILVERSIDES"

By Robert Trumbull

David Oberlander, '47

THE EXCITING story of the United States Naval submarine "Silversides" is written by Robert Trumbull, author of the well-known book, "The Raft".

Taken from an episode of submarine patrols in enemy waters during the beginning of World War II, the story of the "Silversides" is exciting and dangerous. Under the command of the courageous Captain Burlingame, the "Silversides" sinks Japanese shipping amounting to 65,000 tons, and damages 35,000 tons.

The book "Silversides" is excellent and also fast reading. I'm sure that anyone who has read it has thoroughly enjoyed it and I highly recommend it to anyone who hasn't as yet had the chance.

NOW THAT APRIL'S THERE

By Daisy Newman

Greta Jensen, '46

NOW THAT APRIL'S THERE, a delightful novel written by Daisy Newman, is about two English refugees, a boy and girl, who have returned to England from America after four years. Their American customs and slang are so different from English ways that their friends are very much surprised and a little horrified. The author tells of an English family who have a boy in the R.A.F. who is missing in action. The reader is moved first by their great sorrow in this loss, and then by their happiness when he comes back. The book accentuates the difference of American and English customs in a way that is quite humorous.

I enjoyed this book immensely because it is funny, sad, and hopeful for the future of England.

VALIANT COMRADE

By Ruth Knight

Sondra Ofstrock, '46

VALIANT COMRADE is a wonderful story of the K-9 Corps. It is about a young crippled boy, his dog, his collie kennel, and his country. When World War II was declared Lon, the crippled boy, tried to enlist but of course was rejected. When he received word that dogs were going to be used for war work Lon immediately began to train his prize collies. When the army asked for Champ, Lon's own dog whom he had raised from a crippled weakling to a prize dog, Lon gave him not without many pangs of loneliness. At the end Lon, himself, was drafted to train dogs, and was sent to the Philippines where he and his dogs became heroes in exposing a landing party of Japs.

Whales

(Continued from Page 12)

The skeleton of the whale shows that there are all the bones of five toes in each paddle. Hidden under the blubber are the bones of hind legs which are no longer used. The mighty tail is a rudder and propeller in one. It is horizontal—not vertical as a fish's tail is. There is the strength of many horses in its stroke. It brings the whale to the surface like a volcanic island; it drives it down again like a gigantic bomb. At one moment the whale is breathing at the surface at normal atmospheric pressure; very soon afterwards it is hundreds of feet deep, bearing a pressure of many tons on every foot of its body.

We humans cannot do anything like this. Our inventions would crumple like tinfoil under such a stress, and man would be crushed if he tried such pressure with his own body. About twenty minutes seems the time a whale can remain submerged. At the end of that time up comes the whale to breathe.



Whales and Their Uses

Barbara Pacheco, '48

THE BLUE WHALE is the largest creature alive. Whales are commonly used for their blubber, which is used for making fertilizer. The oil taken from it is used for making soap and lubricating oils.

Many whales have in their mouths a long, hairy, tough fiber called whalebone or baleen. It is used for making certain kinds of brushes, and for heads of canes and umbrellas.

For the Japanese, whalemeat is an important food.



Let us give common sense to win the Peace as we gave Dollars and Cents to win the War!

Modern Whaling

Richard Holm, '48

WHALING HAS improved since the days of ours forefathers. Instead of being a dangerous industry it is an advanced industry with many improvements. The improvements have produced a large modern whaling ship or "floating factory" which is capable of handling six to eight whales a day. Now, instead of being a dangerous undertaking to harpoon a whale, the harpoon is shot directly at the whale from a "harpoon gun."

After the whale is harpooned, a group of men go out in a dory and thoroughly kill the whale by plunging a harpoon through the brain at the top of the head. Now the whale is hauled through a large opening or "slip" in the stern of the ship. The whalers cut up the most important parts of the whale such as blubber and whalebone. The rest is disposed of in various ways. Modern whaling is very efficient, too efficient, many fear, for someday the whale may become extinct.



The naval activities of the war prevented whaling from being carried on. It has been only recently this industry has been resumed. Modern Norwegian whalers, tied up at New York for the duration, have a short time ago, refitted, taken on supplies, and once again put to sea.



Snowtime

D. M. Picanso, '46

SNOW RATHER appeals to me.
Because it's so much fun.
I'll go out and play in it,
When my work is done.

The snow keeps falling, falling down,
Among the houses, in the town,
But I should like the snow much better
If with it came the warmer weather!

POETRY

Science

Madeline I. Nickerson, '47

INTO ROOM 8 I walk with ease,
 Sit down to my desk at a terrible speed,
 Open my books and take out my work,
 And start to study with all I'm worth.
 Before I know it the period is over,
 Bells ring, children pass,
 What fun we have in Science Class.



Little Gray Bird

Joy Marsh, '46

OH LITTLE gray bird, bird so gray,
 Listen, little gray bird, I say
 Oh please, Oh please don't fly away,
 Come back I call, bird so gray.

Come back little bird with song so bright,
 Come back little bird, who flies in the
 twilight,

Come back little bird, before it is night,
 Come back little bird with song so bright.

Do not fly. You need not fear.
 I wish always your song I could hear.
 For it is nice to know you are near,
 So please do not fly, and please do not fear.

Come back little bird, do not go,
 Come back little bird, I'll miss you so,
 Come back, I like you gray bird, you know,
 So come back little gray bird, do not go.



Winter Joy

Fred Bowman, '46

AS THE BITTER north winds blow,
 They leave in their wake, ice and snow,
 The shining blades flash o'er the ice,
 And children think sleigh rides are nice.

The joys that winters always bring,
 Are more than autumn, summer, or spring,
 In the snow the children play,
 Finding joy in the wintry day.



A Snowstorm

Priscilla Jennings, '46

OH, WHAT a day for skiing,
 Oh, what a day for fun,
 No, not a day for skating,
 The snowstorm has begun.

It snowed and snowed and still snowed
 more,

I thought it would never stop,
 The bushes had already faded from sight,
 You could not even see their tops.

Next morning when I tumbled out of bed,
 I looked out and saw the sun, bright red,
 That night it had certainly snowed its
 share.

But all I could do was to stand there and
 stare.

A Snow Scene

Dorothy Yarnold, '46

HOW WONDERFUL this white world
looks!

How beautiful the trees, the frozen brooks!
The picturesque cabins where skiers abide—
All this we see from a mountain side!

How glorious is the blue sky above,
And the clouds as white as a soaring dove!
And the snowdrifts, ribbed like an ebbing
tide—

All this we see from a mountain side!



Horseback Riding in the Fall

Jane Landers, '48

WHEN I GO riding in the fall,
I see the trees that stand so tall
With all their scarlet and golden leaves
That swing and twirl in the balmy breeze.

And as I ride still farther on,
I sometimes see a little fawn
That stands with beauty looking 'round
Without making the slightest sound.

Then I ride still farther on,
'Til I've lost sight of the little fawn;
Next I come to the goldenrod,
The autumn flower planted by God.

From the green woods to the shore,
Where I hear the breakers roar,
And up and down the beach I ride,
Sandpipers peeping by my side.

Now I turn my horse toward home;
Leaving the sand and the breakers' foam,
I turn my back to the sun's last ray
With hearty thanks for a happy day.

Yesterday and Today

Greta Jensen, '46

YESTERDAY was Autumn:
Leaf smoke acrid in the crisp, clear air,
School had begun so there were books
to bear,
But there were football games, so we
didn't care.

Yesterday was Autumn.

Today is Winter:
Cloudy and dark in the icy cold,
With deepening snow that never
grows old,
The ones that go out have courage bold.
Today is Winter.



Modern Wheels

Marjorie Sisson, '47

THERE IS A song of wheels, and of rods
and reels
From here up to the stars.
Of motors new, and engines too
That draw the shiny cars.
There are machines that whirl
And buzz and purr,
There are clocks and things with fastening
locks,
There are ships that churn into the docks,
There are planes and blimps that beat the
trains,
Some go as fast as the hurricanes,
But all are run by little wheels.



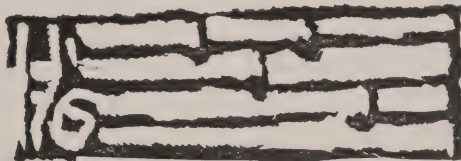
Autumn

Phyllis Sullivan, '48

CHEERY, BRIGHT colors are all around,
' Autumn-hued leaves upon the ground,
Leaves dancing about in colors so gay;
I'm really enjoying this grand Autumn day!

I wish that the whole long year could be
Just like autumn, so each little tree
Could be covered with leaves of such
wonderful hue—
Oh, how I wish this wish could come true!

SCHOOL NOTES



ROOM ONE NEWS

Lois Day, '47

The officers of Room One for the first half of the year are: President, Rita Belanger; Vice President, Constance Craig; Secretary, Jean Cantwell; Treasurer, Edward Arruda.

Room One elected to sell pencils at five cents apiece for the room treasury.

Room One took part in a Thanksgiving play entitled "Thanksgiving Adventure". People who were in it were Loretta Benedes, Jean Shephard, Geraldine DeMello, Jean Cantwell, Frank Bailey, David Bullock, Barry Beale, George Freeman, Constance Craig, and Rita Belanger.

To boost the sale of war stamps, Room One has made out a plan which has four teams. Rita Belanger, Constance Craig, Gloria Crocker, and James Cowart are the Captains. The four teams will race to see what team buys the most war stamps.



ROOM TWO NEWS

Lorraine Hauston, '47

Room Two has elected officers for the first semester. They are as follows: President, Romeo Lafond; Vice President, Helen Gardner; Secretary, Fred Jensen; Treasurer, Robert Lopes.

Row Leaders are as follows: Donald Hill, Audrey Mixon, Evelyn Monterio, Allan Henry and Lucinda Lopes.

Mr. Norman L. Drew is substituting for Mr. Roberts, who has been ill for a few weeks.

Room Two has not yet put on an assembly but will put one on May 1, 1946. It will be based on the Truth or Consequences Radio Program.

Almost everybody has contributed to the Red Cross and bought Savings Stamps.



ROOM THREE NEWS

Marjorie Sisson, '47

Officers for the first half year were: President, Charles Sample; Vice President, Carmen Veiga; Secretary - Treasurer, Anne Thobae. The room sponsored an assembly of which the main theme was "School Manners and Conduct". Mr. Gibbs, who was our teacher at that time spoke on this topic.

Mr. Frank, who had been a teacher in this school prior to going into the Navy, returned to his old home room here on November 26, 1945. He remained here until shortly before Christmas when, owing to a shift in programs, his home room was given to a new addition to our faculty, Mr. John B. Quick. Mr. Quick was also a member of the armed forces, having been a Captain in the Army.

Room Three celebrated Valentine's Day with a party and a Valentine Box.

We also won the Attendance Banner for December.

ROOM FOUR NEWS

David Oberlander, '47

At the beginning of the school year, after the class was organized, we elected officers for the first semester. They are:

President: Joanne Benevedes
Vice President: Randolph Rapoza
Secretary: Cecelia Bento
Treasurer: Edna Furtado

We enjoyed a Christmas party and later had a Valentine party. At the latter we played games, had cookies and ice bergs. Prizes were given out to the winners of one game.

During the "Broadcaster" campaign the room brought in \$19.55 and topped off with 100%.

When it came around to our assemblies, Col. Hopkins came and spoke to us all about radar. At our next assembly Capt. Allenby gave a very interesting talk on P. O. W. in New Mexico.

We are glad to have back with us Charles "Wig" Robb who was confined at home after an injury which occurred in October.

At the assembly of Room Nine, we were awarded the Attendance Banner.

ROOM FIVE NEWS

Mary Leighton, '48

In Room Five we are very fond of buying War Bonds and Stamps to help bring back our soldiers, sailors and marines who have fought to save our country. On the front board in our home room we have a chart to tell us which row is ahead. The rows that are ahead so far are Rows 1 and 3. The amount of money spent on stamps in the following rows are: Row 1, \$226; Row 2, \$55.20; Row 3, \$158.05; Row 4, \$200.55; and Row 5, \$30.60. At the end of the half year Row One got a prize for being the winning row.

Room Five had a Valentine Party during lunch hour and fifth period. It turned out a great success. Everyone contributed to the party. Some brought cookies, others

brought cakes, candy and sandwiches. Everyone had milk. Everyone had a grand time.

ROOM SIX REPORT

Gracie Thrasher, '48

Room Six class officers for the first semester were President, Henry Schroeder; Vice President, Richard Vidal; Secretary, Marlene Rapoza; Treasurer, Frank Texeira.

Honor Roll students are: Isabel Rogers and Phyllis Sullivan. Those on the Certificate List were Barbara Pacheco, Marlene Rapoza, Madeline Simons, Barbara Tobey, Milton Williamson, Dorothy Pacheco, Philip White and Frank Teixeira.

Our room was 100% during the eighth War Loan drive and hopes to continue to be 100%.

We have nearly \$10.00 in our treasury and the pupils have been 90% or more in paying five cents dues every month.

Our room had the banner for the highest attendance for the month of November.

We also had second place in the March of Dimes collection. We brought in fifty-five dollars.

ROOM SEVEN NEWS

John Farrell, '46

The Home Room Officers elected for the second half of the year were:

President, George Fish
Vice President, Fred Bowman
Secretary, Nancy Clark
Treasurer, Clifford Amaral

Room Seven has the School Library under the supervision of Miss Cornell and the Library Club. The Library is open at convenient times throughout the week, so every one may be able to use it.

Our Christmas Party was held on December 21. Roger Blake brought in a lovely tree and different members of the class decorated it. Miss Cornell gave us cookies and ice cream. Then we all exchanged gifts.

ROOM EIGHT REPORT

Barbara Fonseca, '46

Class officers were chosen for the first half of the year. They are as follows:

President: Ted MacDonald

Vice President: Gladys Grey

Secretary: Priscilla Jennings

Treasurer: Elizabeth Marshall

Our first home room meeting was held on September 27, 1945. The important business was to discuss class dues. Minutes of the meeting and of each meeting after that were taken by the secretary. A Christmas party was discussed on December 5, 1945. Mr. Dimmock has established a bird-feeding station outside one of the windows. The pupils bring crumbs and bits of cracked corn for the birds. The weather bureau is also located in Room Eight. Two students out of the 9G and 9V divisions Science class take charge of the weather bureau with the help of Mr. Dimmock. A weather report is placed outside the room in the hall each morning.



ROOM NINE NEWS

Thomas Roberts, '46

Officers of Room Nine: President, Joseph Sambade; Vice President, Nancy Russell; Secretary, Dot Yarnold; Treasurer, Adelma Senate.

Room Nine put on an assembly February 6th. The assembly consisted of three movies; they were "Gripes and Groans", a comic, and "Devil Drivers".

We are 100% in Red Cross.

Mr. Harper had the names of our home-room officers printed on our blotters.



Red Cross Campaign

Greta Jensen, '46

THE Red Cross Campaign this year lasted exactly a week. It started March 4, and ended March 8. The total sum of money received from the home rooms and teachers was \$45.60. This campaign was under the capable direction of Mrs. Laura Moore.



The Infantile Paralysis Campaign

Greta Jensen, '46

THE grand total of the Infantile Paralysis Campaign this year was \$355.29.

Room 1 collected \$19.00

Room 2 collected \$18.60

Room 3 collected \$43.60

Room 4 collected \$36.97

Room 5 collected \$86.52

Room 6 collected \$55.00

Room 7 collected \$13.05

Room 8 collected \$18.00

Room 9 collected \$26.95

Also \$37.60 was collected from different sources.



The National Junior Honor Society

THE National Junior Honor Society of the Hall School met and elected officers on January 10th. We chose Mr. Frank as our advisor. The officers are as follows: President, Greta Jensen; Vice President, Sondra Ofstock; Secretary, Ann Thobae; and Treasurer, Nancy Clark. There are sixteen members in the group. A candlelight ceremony will be held in June to initiate and accept new members of the Seventh, Eighth, and Ninth Grades that have obtained an average of 85% throughout the year.

Letter From A Former Club Member

The Broadcaster Club was very sorry when Betty Mae Kates moved to Philadelphia last fall. Betty was one of the best writers in our school, and last year was assistant editor. We shall all miss her and her good stories.

The other day we received this letter from Betty, and we thought we should share it with the rest of the school.

Philadelphia, Pa.

January 13, 1946

Dear *Broadcaster*,

It doesn't seem possible that it has been months since I saw my *Broadcaster* friends last! The days have gone by so quickly! Would you like to know something about my school and my hobbies? Here it is, anyway.

Girls' High is very big, and for the first few weeks I'd get lost just going from English to Algebra. I won't bother you with details about actual school-work, except to say it really is work!

Most of our teachers are very nice. My English teacher told me she had been in Falmouth one summer, and that she thinks it's the loveliest town in New England.

One of the teachers, whom I shall call Miss X, got on an elevator at the third floor and said to the operator, "Third floor, please." The girl didn't want to offend her, so she shut the doors and then opened them again. "My, wasn't that quick?" murmured Miss X as she got off.

I must admit I've done silly things, too. One day I walked into Algebra and yelled to my friend, "Joan, I didn't do my homework!" But how was I to know the teacher was in the room?

At the present time we are all interested in basketball, interschool. At my school we play both hockey and basketball.

We have a bi-monthly paper, *The Iris*, but I can't get on the staff till tenth grade. It's a fine paper, with editorials, regular

columns, fashions, and interviews with the girls on certain questions.

Every now and then we have dances with Central High, a boys' school, in our gym or theirs. It isn't bad going to a girls' school!

We have a 70-piece orchestra, which plays beautifully, and a glee club which does four-part singing.

Also (oh, boy!) we have a 10-piece jazz band!

The little theater I belong to is giving two scenes from *Moor-barn*, the life of the Brontes, in the Junior Guild, and I got the part of Emily! That's what I wanted, too!

As to my hobbies: My favorite one is still eating, peanut butter and jelly on crackers especially. On the daintier side, my gym teacher roped me into coming out. She can make basketball so strenuous, that every Monday and Wednesday I'm black and blue.

That's all for now, and if you ever get to Philly please call me!

Your friend,

Betty Mae

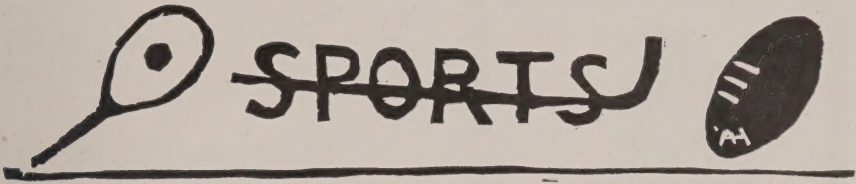
Music Department

Greta Jensen, '46

EACH OF the three grades have a fine Glee Club this year under the able supervision of Miss Cahoon.

The officers of the seventh grade Glee Club are: President, Isabel Rogers; Vice President, Cecelia Tavares; Secretary, Marlene Rapoza; Treasurer, Barbara Tobey. The eighth grade: President, Jean Cantwell; Vice President, Marjorie Sisson; Secretary, Natalie MacDougall; Treasurer, Cynthia Swift. The ninth grade: President, Elizabeth Marshall; Vice President, Adema Senate; Secretary, Priscilla Jennings; Treasurer, Rita Texeira.

The orchestra members from the Henry W. Hall School are Carol Lusk, Jane Landers, Donald Eckels, James Cowart, Robert Kelly, Karl Mills, Manuel Peters, Curtis Frye, Lillies Rose, Brenda Bowman and Jean Kirkpatrick.



Boys' Sports

John Farrell, '46

THE Hall School didn't have any football team this year as it had in other years. But for the first time in a number of years there were three Freshmen who played on the High School team.

The Freshmen were George Fish who played a wonderful game at center and was picked for Honorable Mention on the All-Cape Team. Lawrence Costa who played a strong game at guard was also picked for Honorable Mention on the All-Cape Team. Dick Corey did a fine job of bringing the ball up the field from his halfback berth.

Though the Hall School didn't have any team these fellows showed what kind of team it could have had.



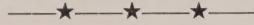
Girls' Sports

Lois Day, '47

GIRLS of Hall School who went out for basketball are: 9th grade; Louise Allen, Nancy Dean, Doris Fisher, Gladys Grey, Frances Irving, Nellie Hicks, Ann Jessup, Cynthia Leighton, Patricia Leonard, Blanche Morris, Janice McLane, Lillies Rose, Priscilla Vincent, Dorothy Yarnold, Katherine Touhill, and Nancy Russell: 8th grade: Lois Day, Lorraine DeMello, Helen Gardner, and Lorraine Huston; 7th grade: Brenda Bowman, Gertrude Hayne, Peggy Hopkins, Mary Kay Johnson, Jane Landers, Mary Leighton, Constance Lopes, Carol Lusk, Jocelyn Newall, Helen DePina, Isabel Rogers, Phyllis Sullivan, Rita An-

drade, Katherine Hatzikon, Ruth Nordquist, Ellie Elliot, and Claire Nickerson.

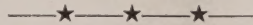
Ninth graders who managed to obtain a position on the Lawrence High School team are Frances Irving, Lillies Rose, and Katherine Touhill.



Mortimore, The Moron, Wonders Why?

Ginger Merrill, '47

Nancy isn't a judge, instead of a Dean
Lois isn't a night, instead of a Day
Charles isn't whole, instead of a Sample
George isn't a bird, instead of a Fish
Joseph isn't a child, instead of a Parent
George isn't a slave, instead of a Freeman
Joan isn't an ache, instead of a Payne
Donald isn't a slope, instead of a Hill
Betty isn't a steeple, instead of a Tower
Walter isn't a song, instead of a Carrol
Paul isn't red, instead of White
Donald isn't stone, instead of Wood
Frank isn't a violet, instead of a Rose
Adelma isn't congress, instead of Senate
Dorothy isn't a beam, instead of a Ray



Toothless!!

Junior had just gotten a brand new bicycle. He had his parents out in the front yard watching him ride it. He went around the block once and came by the house. He shouted, "Look Ma! No feet!" (He had his feet off the pedals.)

He circled the block again and rode by the house. He shouted again, "Hey Ma! Look, no hands!" (He had his hands off the handlebars.)

He came around the block for the third time and sputtered, "Look Ma! No teeth!"



Assemblies

Rita Belanger, '47

ON October 10 Mrs. Moore sponsored an historic assembly on the life of Columbus. Parts of his life were told by Rita Belanger, Marjorie Sisson, David Oberlander, Charles Sample, and Ann Thobae. Two poems were read by Philip White and Phyllis Sullivan. Mistress of ceremonies was Ginger Merrill.

* * *

On October 24 a Broadcaster assembly took place. Speeches were made by Gladys Grey, Ann Thobae, and Mr. Roberts. There were cheers by Ginger Merrill, Barbara Fonseca, Gladys Grey, and Doris Fisher. They all wore red plaid skirts and white blouses. The purpose of the assembly was to explain the Broadcaster Club and magazine to the new comers in the school.

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On November 21 Room One put on a Thanksgiving Day assembly. It consisted of a radio broadcast called Thanksgiving Adventures. Those who took part were, Loretta Benevedes, Geraldine DeMello, Frank Bailey, Barry Beale, David Bullock, Jean Shepard, Rita Belanger, Connie Craig and James Cowart, who was the sound effects man. Richard Correira made quite a hit with his advertisement of Ocean Spray Cranberry sauce. In concluding the assembly some Room One pupils sang the Thanksgiving hymn.

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On December 5 Room Four sponsored a very good assembly at which Lt. Col.

Richard Hopkins, of Falmouth, gave a very interesting talk about radar. He told how it works, how it was used in World War II, and by whom it was used. Also many other interesting points about it.

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Mrs. Moore and her history pupils put on a Washington and Lincoln assembly. It took place as a class room recitation. The teacher was Anne Thobae and the pupils were Bruce Stewart, Jean Kirkpatrick, Richard Tobey, Beryl Smith, Charles Sample, Marjorie Sisson, John Papp, Joselyn Newall, and Jane Landers.

Christmas Assembly

OUR School enjoyed a most impressive Christmas assembly under the able direction of our new music supervisor Miss Olive Cahoon. The student in charge of the assembly was Rita Belanger. The entire school accompanied by the full orchestra sang "O Come, All Ye Faithful".

This was followed by the famous passage from the second chapter of the Gospel according to St. Luke recited by the entire school led by Rita Belanger after which the Lord's Prayer was then said.

The Seventh and Eighth Grade Glee Clubs sang "In Bethlehem" and "Silent Night" accompanied by Robert Kendall on the chimes. Next on the program was an orchestral piece, "The Children's Christmas". This was followed by two very well done pieces by the High School Girls' Glee Club, "Lo, How a Rose E'er Blooming" and "Sing Noel". Male voices next filled the auditorium as "A Child Now is Born in Bethlehem" was presented by the High School Boys' Glee Club. The two high school clubs combined to sing "Jesus, Joy of Man's Desire" with special accompaniment by Miss Helen MacKenzie on the violin.

"Joy to the World" and other carols were sung by the entire school, accompanied by the orchestra.

It was one of the nicest Christmas Assemblies we have had in years and we are gratefully appreciative to Miss Cahoon and Mrs. Abbott who assisted as accompanist on the piano.

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